

To go with Paris to Saint Peters Church:  
Or I will drag thee, on a Hurdle thither.  
Out you greene sicknelle carrion, out you baggage,  
You tallow face.

Lady. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

Jul. Good Father, I beseech you on my knees  
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.

Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,  
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,  
Or neuer after looke me in the face.  
Speake not, reply not, do not answere me.  
My fingers itch, wife: we scarce thought vs blest,  
That God had lent vs but this onely Child,  
But now I see this one is one too much,  
And that we haue a curse in hauing her:  
Out on her Hilding.

Nur. God in heauen bleffe her,  
You are too blame my Lord to rate her so.

Fa. And why my Lady wisdome? hold your tongue,  
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossip, go.

Nur. I speake no treason,

Father, O Godigoden,

May not one speake?

Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,  
Vtter your grauitie, ore a Gossips bowles  
For here we need it not.

La. You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:

Day, night, houre, ride, time, worke, play,  
Alone in companie, still my care hath bin  
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided  
A Gendeman of Noble Parentage,  
Offaire Demeanes, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,  
Stuft as they say with Honourable parts,  
Proporcion'd as ones thought would wish a man,  
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,  
A whining mammet, in her Fortunes tender,  
To answer, Ile not wed, I cannot Loue:  
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.

But, and you will not wed, Ile pardon you:  
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:  
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vnto left:  
Thursday is nere, lay hand on heart, aduise,  
And you be mine, Ile giue you to my Friend:  
And you be not, hang, beg, starue, die in the streets,  
For by my soule, Ile nere acknowledge thee,  
Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good:  
Trust too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forsworne.

Exit.

Jul. Is there no pittie sitting in the Cloudes,  
That sees into the bottome of my griefe?

O sweet my Mother, leaue me not away,  
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,  
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed  
In that dunn Monument where Tybalt lies.

Mo. Talk not to me, for Ile not speake a word,  
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.

Exit.

Jul. O God, I should haue borne more of my Father,  
O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?

My Husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,  
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,  
Vnto that Husband I send from heauen,  
By leaving earth? Comfort me, counsaile me,  
Hlacke, alacke, that heauen should practise stratagems  
Vpon so soft a subject as my selfe.

What saidst thou? hauest thou not a word of ioy?  
Some comfort, Nurse.

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Faith here it is, Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing,  
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:  
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,  
I thinke it best you married with the Countie,  
O he's a Louely Gentleman:  
Romeo a dish-clout to him: an Eagle Madam  
Hath not so greene, so quicke, so faire an eye  
As Paris hath, beshrow my very heart,  
I thinke you are happy in this second match,  
For it excels your first: or if it did not,  
Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,  
As liuing here and you no vse of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nur. And from my soule too,  
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen.

Nur. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marue'lous much,  
Goin, and tell my Lady I am gone,  
Hauing displeas'd my Father, to Lawrence Cell,  
To make confession, and to be absolu'd.

Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.

Jul. Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend!  
It is more sin to wish me thus forsworne,  
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue  
Which she hath prais'd him with aboue compare,  
So many thousand times? Go Counsellor,  
Thou and my bosom chenchforth shall be twaine:  
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,  
If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die.

Exit.

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thursday first the time is very short.

Par. My Father Capulet will haue it so,  
And I am nothing slow to slack his haist.

Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies mind?

Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

Pa. Immoderately she weepes for Tybalts death,  
And therefore haue I little talke of Loue,  
For Venus smiles not in a house of teares.  
Now sir, her Father counts it dangerous  
That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway:  
And in his wisdom, haists our marriage,  
To stop the inundation of her teares,  
Which too much minded by her selfe alone,  
May be put from her by societie.

Now doe you know the reason of this haist?

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

Looke sir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife.

Jul. That may be sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be Loue, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certaine text, on Thursday next.

Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confesse to you.

Par. Do not denie to him, that you Loue me.

Jul. I will confesse to you that I Loue him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure that you Loue me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,  
Benig spoke behind your backe, then to your face.

Par. Poore soule, thy face is much abus'd with teares.

Jul. The

Jul. The teares haue got small victorie by that:  
For it was bad inough before their spight.

Pa. Thou wrong'st it more then teares with that report.

Jul. That is no flaunder sir, which is a truth,  
And what I spake, I spake it to thy face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast flaunder'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.

Par. Are you at leisure, Holy Father now,

Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?

Fri. My leisure serues me pensiue daughter now.

My Lord you must intreat the time alone.

Par. Godsheild: I should disturbe Deuotion,

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rowle yee,

Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse. Exit Paris.

Jul. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,  
Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe.

Fri. O Juliet, I already know thy grieie,  
It streames me past the compasse of my wits:

I heare thou must and nothing may prouogue it,  
On Thursday next be married to this Countie.

Jul. Tell me not Frier that thou hearest of this,  
Vntill thou tell me how I may prevent it:

If in thy wisdom, thou canst giue me helpe,  
Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with his knife, Ile helpe it presently.

God ioy'd my heart, and Romeo's, thou our hands,  
And ere this hand by thee to Romeo seal'd:

Shall be the Labell to another Deede,  
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,

Turne to another, this shall slay them both:  
Therefore out of thy long experient time,

Giue me some present counsell, or behold  
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloody knife

Shall play the vmpieere, arbitrating that,  
Which the commission of thy yeares and art,

Could to no issue of true honour bring:  
Be not so long to speake, I long to die,

If what thou speakest, I speake not of remedie.

Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe spie a kind of hope,  
Which craues as desperate an execution,

As that is desperate which we would prevent.

Whether then to marrie Countie Paris  
Thou hast the strength of will to stay thy selfe,

Then is it likely thou wilt undertake  
A thinglike death to chide away this shame,

That coap't with death himselfe, to scape fro it:  
And if thou dar'st, Ile giue thee remedie.

Jul. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie Paris,  
From the Battlements of any Tower,

Or walke in the euilish waies, or bid me lurke  
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares

Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,  
Orecovered quite with dead mens ratling bones,

With reekie shankes and yellow chappels sculls:  
Or bid me go into a new made graue,

And hide me with a dead man in his graue,  
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,

And I will doe it without feare or doubt,  
To liue an vnstained wife to my sweet Loue.

Fri. Hold then: goe home, be merrie, giue consent,  
To marrie Paris: wensday is to morrow,

To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,  
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:

Let not this Violl being then in bed,  
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,

When presently through all thy veines shall run,

A cold and drowfie humour: for no pulse

Shall keepe his native progresse, but surcease:  
No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liuest,

The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade:  
To many athes, the eyes windowes fall

Like death when he shut vp the day of life:  
Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment,

Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,  
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunk death

Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,  
And then awake, as from a pleasant sleepe.

Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,  
To rowle thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:

Then as the manner of our country is,  
In thy best Robes vncover'd on the Beere,

Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie,  
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,

Shall Romeo by my Letters know our drift,  
And hither shall he come, and that very night

Shall Romeo beare thee hence to Mantua.  
And this shall free thee from this present shame,

If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,  
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of care.

Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous:  
In this resolue, Ile send a Frier with speed

To Mantua with my Letters to thy Lord.

Jul. Loue giue me strength,

And strength shall helpe afford:

Farewell deare father.

Exit.

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and  
Seruing men, two or three.

Cap. So many guests inuite as here are writ,  
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.

Ser. You shall haue none ill sir, for Ile trie if they can  
licke their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou trie them so?

Ser. Marrie sir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot licke his  
owne fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers

goes not with me.

Cap. Go be gone, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this  
time: what is my Daughter gone to Frier Lawrence?

Nur. I forsooth.

Cap. Well he may chance to do some good on her,  
A peeuish selfe-wild harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nur. See where she comes from shrift  
With merrie looke.

Cap. How now my headstrong,  
Where haue you bin gadding?

Jul. Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin  
Of disobedient opposition:

To you and your behests, and am enioyn'd  
By holy Lawrence, to fall prostrate here,  
To beg your pardon: pardon I beseech you,  
Henceforward I am euer rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,  
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthfull Lord at Lawrence Cell,  
And gaue him what became of Loue I might,  
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.

Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand vp,

This